War. I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weakling, *Warwike* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwike* his subiect.
Edw. I prethe gallant *Warwike* tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?
Glo. Alasse that *Warwike* had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are olde *Warwike* still.
War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter *Oxford* with drum and souldiers & al crie,

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*
Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter *Somerset* with drum and souldiers.

Som. *Somerset*, *Somerset*, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

Enter *Montague* with drum and souldiers.

Mont. *Montague*, *Montague*, for Lancaster. *Exit.*
Edw. Traitorous *Montague*, thou and thy brother
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

Enter *Clarence* with drum and souldiers.

War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*

Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too?
A parlie sirra to *George* of Clarence.

Sound a Parlie, and *Richard* and *Clarence* whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at *Warwike*.

War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if *Warwike* call.
Cla. Father of *Warwike*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,
And set vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud harted *Warwike* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amisse,
And *Richard* doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.
Edw. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.
Edw. Now *Warwike*, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?
War. Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.
Edw. Yes *Warwike* he dares, and leades the waie,
Lords to the field, saint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006) LONDON, 1595 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G f.1) Octavo